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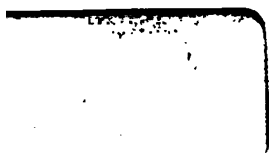
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THE BEGGAR.
FORGETFULNESS.

BY

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



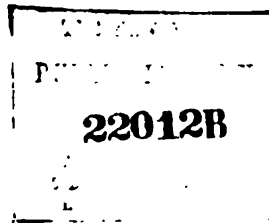
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LOUIS K. HARLOW.

BOSTON :

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A beggar through the world am I,
From place to place I wander by.
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and charity !

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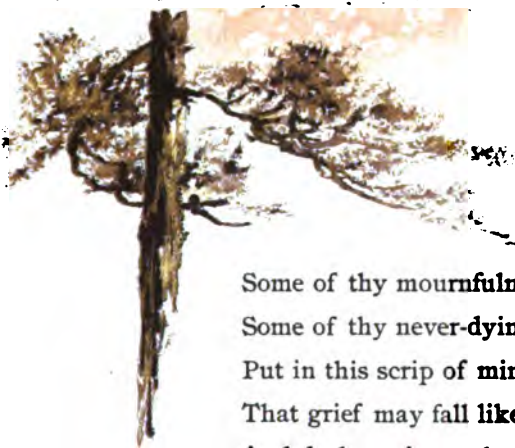
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A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me—
That the world's blasts may round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unmoved be.



Some of thy stern, unyielding might,
Enduring still through day and night
Rude tempest-shock and withering blight—
That I may keep at bay
The changeful April sky of chance
And the strong tide of circumstance—
Give me, old granite gray.



Some of thy mournfulness serene,
Some of thy never-dying green,
Put in this scrip of mine—
That grief may fall like snowflakes light,
And deck me in a robe of white,
Ready to be an angel bright—
O sweetly-mournful pine.



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A little of thy merriment,
Of thy sparkling, light content,

Give me, my cheerful brook,
That I may still be full of glee
And gladness, where'er I be,
Though fickle fate hath prisoned me
In some neglected nook.



22012B



Ye have been very kind and good
To me, since I've been in the wood ;
Ye have gone nigh to fill my heart ;
But good bye, kind friends, every one,
I've far to go ere set of sun ;
Of all good things I would have part,
The day was high ere I could start,
And so my journey's scarce begun.

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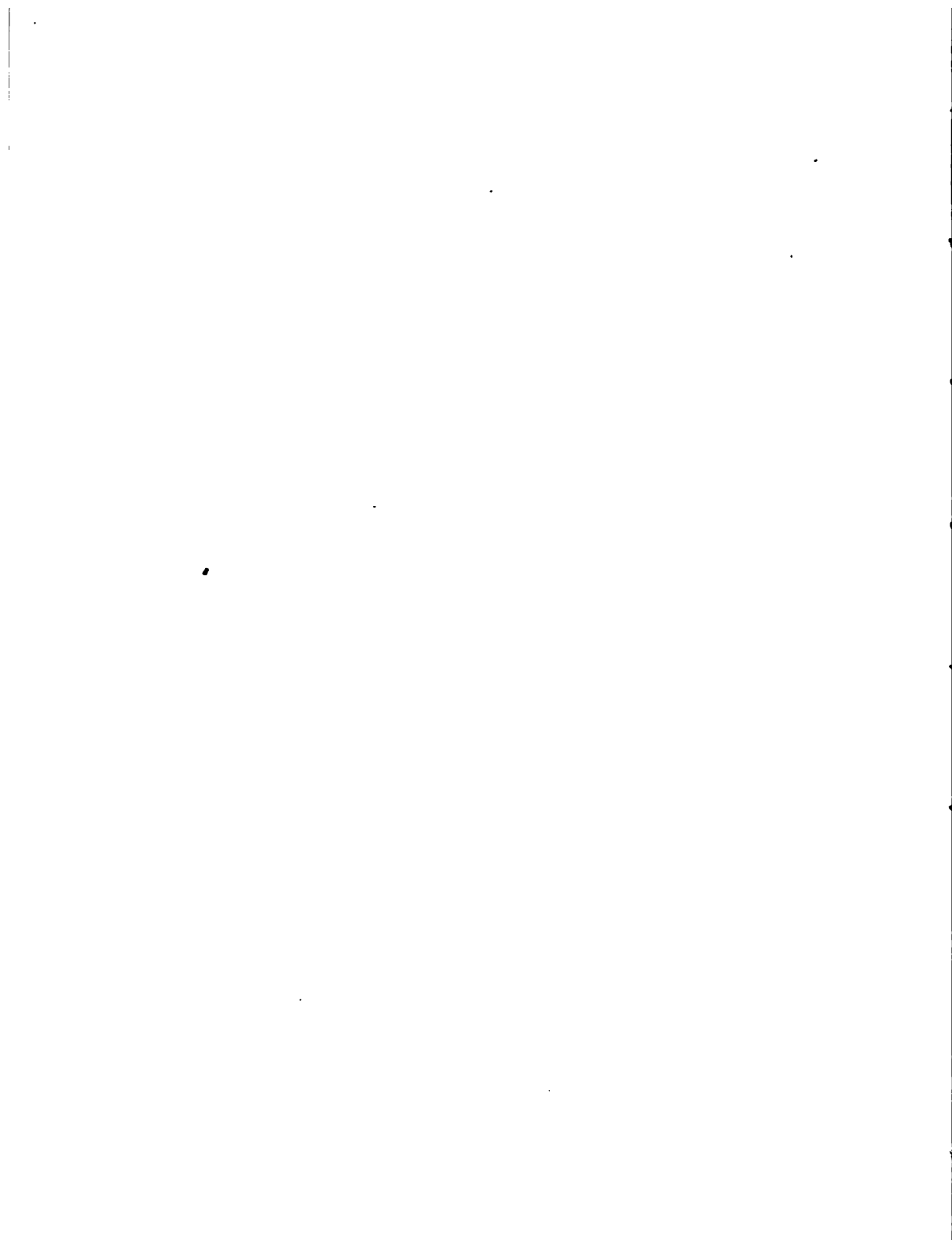
Heaven help me ! how could I forget
To beg of thee, dear violet !
Some of thy modesty,
That flowers here as well, unseen
As if before the world thou'dst been,
O give, to strengthen me.



FORGETFULNESS.

There's a haven of sure rest
From the loud world's bewildering stress :
As a bird dreaming on her nest,
As dew hid in a rose's breast,
As Hesper in the glowing West ;
So the heart sleeps
In thy calm deeps,
Serene Forgetfulness !



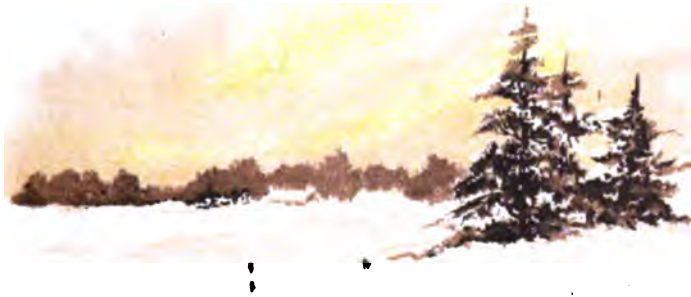




No sorrow in that place may be,
The noise of life grows less and less :
As moss far down within the sea,
As, in white lily caves, a bee,
As life in a hazy reverie ;
So the heart's wave
In thy dim cave,
Hushes, Forgetfulness !

Duty and care fade far away,
What toil may be we cannot guess :
As a ship anchored in the bay,
As a cloud at summer-noon astray,
As water-blooms in a breezeless day ;
So, 'neath thine eyes,
The full heart lies,
And dreams, Forgetfulness !





TO——, AFTER A SNOW-STORM.

Blue as thine eyes the river gently flows
Between his banks, which, far as eye can see,
Are whiter than aught else on earth may be,
Save inmost thoughts that in thy soul repose.



The trees, all crystallised by the melted snows,
Sparkle with gems and silver, such as we
In childhood saw 'mong groves of Faërie,
And the dear skies are sunny-blue as those ;
Still as thy heart, when next mine own it lies
In love's full safety, is the bracing air ;



The earth is all enwrapt with draperies
Snow-white as that pure love might choose to
wear—
O for one moment's look into thine eyes,
To share the joy such scene would kindle there!

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